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*FINIS.*

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# A Short TREATISE Of the *Epidemical Diseases* of these TIMES.

*Communicated by a Loyal Pen, in a Letter to the Right Worshipful* Sir G.B. Knight *and* Baronet.

Licensed and Published according to Order.

*Difficilest satyram non Scribere.*

*LONDON*
Printed, and are to be sold by *R. Vaughan* [illegible]
Black-boy Court in St. *Martins le Grand*.

# THE ART OF
# PLAYING
# CHESS

# A Short TREATISE Of the *Epidemical Diseases* of these TIMES.

LOndon hath as great a stock of *jealousies* and fears, as those which furnished out a war: and although the City suffers under many diseases, no one is so *Epidemical*, as this *jealous fury*, or *Phrenetick zeal*.

The Reverend Bishop hath set up *Lectures* for a *Cure*, which first gave an occasion to the *Disease*; to try if the *Monster* may be kill'd by her own weapons, & even some of the weapons are anointed to [illegible] a cure by *Sympathy*, St. *Pauls* Church is much [illegible] but it deserves an *Oedipus* to resolve, [illegible] go out of *curiosity*, or *devotion*.

Some ſay they could love that in a *Tavern*, which they abominate in a *Church*, and could be willing that the Devil only might be ſerved in State. But it is to be hoped that what *Hippocrates*, *Terpander* and *Timotheus* reported of *Muſick*, in the extremity of phranticks to do Miracles; may at length be effected in the miraculous cure of theſe madmen. The *Muſick* or *curioſity* which brings them to Church may in time convert them, who ſpeak of it now openly in St. *Pauls* Church, as the curious *Athenians* did of St. *Paul*, *What means this babling?* As yet a worſe Devil then that of *Saul* poſſeſſeth them. That which appeaſed his, can only raiſe this, and inrage them, more then *Saul* ever was againſt *David*, againſt our princely *David*, becauſe he would have God ſerv'd like him, with Lute, Harp and Organ.

*Scurrility* wanders about every part of the City, and verifies the Proverb, *Qui Calvino obſequitur, calumniatorem eſſe oportet*; he who is a Diſciple to *Calvin*, hath took a degree in *Calumny*. *Prejudic'd phancies* may be perſwaded into any thing, according as the old ſaw in metre, *as the fool thinketh, ſo the Bell tinketh*. A zealous man (of the ſociety of the twang, who ſupplied the place of the *Organ* in the Church) averr'd the *Organs* inſtruments of *prophaneneſs*, & ſet up only to inſtruct: wearing the great ones ſounding nothing but *zounds*, *zounds*, while the leſſer ſqueak'd out, *faith and troth, faith and troth*. Theſe news can make a *Siſter* ſigh at the *Abominations* of the prophaner age: and the *Wolves* in *Sheeps cloathing* howl themſelves hoarſe by *bawling* againſt what they call *Antichriſt*. It would be well if they could inſtruct them in *Faith* and *Truth*, and not thus

to

to make the wounds of our Saviour useless, made to unite all in the bond of *Faith*, *Truth*, and *Charity*; so proving themselves, what a Bishop hath made them *Antichrist*. So far hath *Church Musick* been able from having the effects, ev'n that *Tavern Musick* hath had on the ingenuous, to be able to extasize & put into fits of devotion. The *Surplice*, *Tippet*, *Hood*, the ornaments of *Bishops*, *Deans*, and *Prebends*, are all offensive, even to many of those *furr'd* Citizens, who for the City *honour*, and their *own*, wear *Gowns*, *Hoods*, &c. And without they would make all Companies guilty of fools *badges* and *liveries*, could not easily defend their own. Thus we may guess at the *madness* of *elapsed times*, and the not more *sober judgements* of many in these, who could endure the *Chains* and *Pageantry* of the *Major* and *Aldermen*, not boggle at the Judges Robes, Sergeants Coif, nor their Mr. *Sermon-makers* Cap, with as many seams as a Lute hath strings; yet decry the least ornament in the *Episcopal Clergie*. Thus these *Adamites* in understanding, who by the tasting forbidden fruit, have made some discoveries of their nakedness, can think the *Fig-leaves* of *hypocrisie* nearer the *primitive* pattern, then *Aarons* garments, which have *Urim* and *Thummim* *perfection* and *light* engraven on them.

Every Presbyterian Pulpit calls for a *thorough Reformation*, but sure it is unattainable by the half craz'd noddles of these Cock-braind *Scioliſts*, without they can arrive to that degree of madness, as their *quondam* Disciples the *Quakers* have who like the *Enthusiasts* of old, have run out of their wits, to entertain, what they call a Deity,

and have compleated their so long struggled for *Reformation*, by not onely renouncing all *Doctrine* and *Discipline* in *Church*, but *Decency* and *Order* in *State*. The poor singing men in *Cathedrals*, give occasion to *scandal*. Those *Surplices* which should emblemmatize *innocency*; *Nonconformists* report smutch'd in Alehouses, will have them divide the day betwixt God and the Devil, as if they only practised by an *Anthem* in the *Church*, to afford *Belial* an *Orizon* in a *Catch*, while they take their cups more devoutly, then they sing their Psalms. Some compare them to *Mourners* hir'd in *Ireland*, to howl over graves, inaffected with what they are hir'd to instruct others, will not allow them to elevate Devotion in any, whom they would teach us beleive are defective of all devotion in themselves; having no motion above *Properties* or *Puppets*, and casting their eyes like the picture of a *Jack-an-Apes*, moved by wire, and making a noise upon a drum in *Bartholomew Fair*.

But the *Brethren* may take a more opposite and charitable resemblance from themselvs, who translated what they called *Antichristian* in the *Organ*, into their more sanctified *Noses*; while *Hah*, *Haugh*, and *hummh*, went in *consort*, till *Church* and *State* run out into *discords*, indevout as these singing Men formerly, with gesticulations like *Puppets* and *Properties*, *howling* for hire on *Fast-days*, and tuneing their pipes merrily on the *Thanksgiving*; many by talking of *Religion* to others, have arrived to a degree of it in themselves, if their own professed conversion, and our charity render us not mistaken in both.

The

The Reverena Bishops, like their Royal *Master*, do good and hear ill. These *Empricks* in divinity cannot be content to be *paring* the *Corns* in the *feet* of the *Church*; but they would be *Pysicking* of the *Head*. All the *Rhapsodies* of flaring and scurrilous *phancies*, the spurious issues of every *idler* brain in all ages, must be laid to these *Fathers*. Neither their Learning, Moderation, Piety, nor Power can prevail for them, nor their own dutys keep these *accursed Sons* from attemping to discover nakedness in the *Fathers* of the *Church*, though they discover nothing above their own cock-braind follies.

Now to the great ingredients of a diurnal *Advertisements*. There is lately printed a Book, intituled *Annus Mirabilis*. Wonders from Air, Earth, Water, Fire, as if all the Elements conspired to punish the wickedness of such a monstrous people, who could prefer their own liberty, a good Prince, his just right, before the *Tyranny* of *snivelling Usurpings*, and *perfidious Apostates*, kneaded up betwixt Dirt and Blood. As if God had no greater blessings to bestow upon a Nation, then the destruction of it by Locusts, or such vermine, which are quickned only out of the *putrifaction* of an *intemperate Climate*. The Legend takes date from *August* the first 60. to *May* 61. In this excellent and unparel'd piece (give me leave to call it so, ) since it may outvie a *Talmud*, *Alcoran*, all *Popish Legends*, and *pious frauds*: you may fine the prodigies of all ages renew'd in ours, with stories adapted to them. 1660

Here you may meet an *Apotheosies*, as true as that of *Romulus*, *Julius Cæsar*: Regicines are cut in pieces, like *Romulus*, to be deified; must be slain, and

and have a ſtar, like *Inſims*, attending their Limbs over *Aldgate*: or, as the Saints would intimate, it is ſuch a Star guiding ſuch Wiſemen to Jeſus, as can think *Murder*, *Treaſon*, and *Hypocriſie*, the only *way to Heaven*. Five naked men are ſeen in the skye. The ſtory of their fellow Saint, Father *Garnets Straw*, will be ſhamed out of faſhion. He was *ſainted* by appearance of his ſhape in ſtraw, theſe derive their *Saint-ſhips* no lower then by appearances in the Heavens. Mark what follows. To revenge the death of the Saints: you have *Hail-ſtones* big as *Walnuts*, dreadful Whirlewinds, Rivers dryed up, While Frogs and Toads are ſupplyed from the Air, ſudden Rains, terrible Tempeſts, and raging Tides, Armies in the Air, many Suns, as many Meteors, which muſt denote the fall of great Men, the death of Princes, deſolations like thoſe of *Germany*, the revolt and diviſion of the people: and thus we muſt conceive, if, after all theſe wonders *Pharaohs* heart be yet *hardened*, and will not let theſe Children of *Iſrael* go away with the *ſpoil* of the *Egyptians*, viz. *Church-men* and *Cavaliers*, he and his hoſt muſt be ſwallowed up in a *Red Sea* of *blood*. The Devil hath got a Biſhop already, and appeared in his ſhape to a Scholar at *Oxford*. If he appeared there, ſure it was but once, who appears ſo often in this lying Pamphleter. The *cauſe* muſt needs be diſowned by God, which needs the *Father* of *lies* to ſupport it. The Devil which appeared in the ſhape of a *Samuel*, need not in theirs, who, outſide Saints, may be more to his advantage, to keep inſide Devils.

A *Cathedral* appears in the air with ſome glimmering kind of glory, but ſoon obſcured by black clouds,

clouds, and consum'd by Fire; while a little obscure Church of *Presbytery* appears glorious out of her ruines, and all this *Verily, verily*, and *In good sooth*, as certain as the fire from Heaven, mentioned by their *Phanatick Brightman*, destroyed the *Antichrist* at *Rome*, in the year 1650. or their *Sedgewick's Dooms-dayes* came.

Farewel Church; now for the State.

Blazing Comets, resembling Swords, and darting Fire must be seen (by God knows only whom, and when, but as true as the rest, and the rest as *Lucians* true History,) impending over *White-hall*, Farewel King: over the Parliament Houses, Adieu Parliament. Thus Heav n and Earth can keep no truce with them, who could violate the *gude Scottish Covenant*, made for the preservation and honour of King and Parliament. The Children of *Babylon* require of them Songs. How can they sing in a strange Land, or a Land estranged by singing *Babylonish* superstition? All who correspond not with their whimzies are incurable *Babylonians*, must perish by the Sword, or these great Apostles will have Fire called down from Heaven to destroy them.

Next enters the old *Presbyterian Prologue to War*, a Book intituled, A *Petition for peace, with the Reformation of the Liturgie.* I must confess with *Zanchius, Non novi istam Reformatorum Theologiam*, I understand not the Divinity of these Reformers, who pray (if I may use the Fathers words against Hereticks) *Quasi multitudo verborum prævaleat apud Deum*, as if multitude of words could onely prevail with God, and by all their *canting quotations* of Scripture, teach us only to remember that of our

Saviour,

Saviour, to beware of those hypocrites which *make long prayers*, and use *vain repetitions, as if they should be hear'd only by their much babling.*

The *model* resembles a Countrey Taylors *Cloak-bag*; and as soon *Christianity* might be conveyed to the *Turks* in such a *Cloak-bag* made by the Contexture of a thousand *lists*, as Religion conveyed into the *English* by the uncouth Contexture of so many *shreds* of Scripture, made into a *Liturgie* by these *Arch-Botchers* of *Reformation*. Who soberly peruses them, will think them mad above the relief of *Hellebore*. The Priest in *Acosta* may seem equally sober, who hearing a *Gypsie* cant in Scripture Phrase, phancyed himself born *anew* of that *Mary*, who could not conceive less then by the holy Ghost to bring forth a *Messiah*; who, by the advantage of an unhappy memory, *tortured* in as many places of Scripture for the proof of his Divinity, as these *writhe* into a *Liturgy*; or *D. Causabons* Countreyman, who related the joys of Heaven till he talked himself into a *Phrensey*. She, who gathered up Oysters & Cockle-shels, broken Glass, and every glittering gayety; and perswaded her self each was a present from an Emperour espoused to her, made rational discourses if compared with theirs, who by the advantage of an *Ursins Cathechism*, *Calvins Institutions*, a *Wollebius*, *scraps* of Fathers, glean'd from common place Books, or fragments of *History* from the prejudice byass'd *Centuriators*, a *Geneva* Bible, a Concordance, a little dabling in *Keckerman* for division and sub-division, phancy themselves strange *Rabbies* in Divinity; when they are onely shallow *Puddles*, which seem to show Sun, Moon, Stars, all the glories

glories of Celestial bodies, and yet may be fathom'd with a little finger. But these *shallow waters* will be always making the greatest noyse, as they did at the late conference with the *Pralatical Clergy*, where they were exceeded in all things beside *Clamor*. *St. Augustine* foretold the effects of such *Conferences*, in *Quid promovebis exercitatissime Scripturarum*, &c. If the most exercised in the *Scriptures* defend, it shall be denied; if denied, it shall be defended. A voice may be lost, but nothing gain'd beside the *anger* of *Schismaticks*. The pious Concessions of the *Learned* & *Reverend Fathers* to gratifie these *Babes* in *Divinity*, weak ones in faith, cannot satisfie the strong in passions; as the last word at the conference, they must have the first in print, by a *rare new Liturgie*, lest the *Bishop* should put his foot in the pot before them. who allow *common Prayer*, no name above *pottage*, though that they so call may resemble that *pottage* the *Angel* brought *Daniel*, while this of theirs can resemble none better, then that which made the *Prophet* cry out, *There is death in the Pot.* Hence some fear this *conference* may produce effects, answering those of that unpolitick and dishonourable Colloquy at *Hampton Court*, whence we deriv'd that Deluge of miseries, which over-run *Church* and *State*. Thence sprung that *brain-sick generation*, which afterwards pretended to be of Gods *Privy Council*; could distinguish betwixt the *Elect* and *Reprobate*, an opinion which lent a City of *refuge* to the *Ignorant* and a *Sanctuary* to the most *impious*, if they could attain to the *knack* of *dissimulation*. Hence every Hypocritical *Suiveller*, insignificant in the State before, became

became considerable, while addle *whimzies* of over-heated *brains* were brought in competition with the till then unquestioned, and at least legal *profession* of a *Church*. But (God be praised) we need not fear Sparrow-blasting, or danger from those, who, Sparrow-like, open from ear to ear, callow and unfledg'd, chirping upon every hedge, and leaving their own nests defiled. For though the disease is as Epidemical as ever, we are better provided with *Antidotes*. The Parliament Act is now to be put in execution, which provides that the *Bag-pipers* of *sedition* of little livings and less worths, must no more tune their Pipes in opposition to *Authority*, to make themselves the *Darlings* of the *Rabble*. No sanctifyed bellows made by the advantage of an Anti-clergie Lecturers Lungs, can blow Fire about 3. Kingdoms, since the most *Reverend* and most *pious Prelates* will provide *grave* and *sober Divines* to dispense the milk of the *Word*, to cure the *Wild fire* which kindled all our *combustions* in *state*; and by their own frequent visiting of their Sees, provide against those inundations of Irreligion, Prophanenes, and Hypocrisy, which might over-run the fences of the *Church*. Thus the Episcopal Clergie shall sacrifice more to *Minerva* then *Bacchus*, the Anti-episcopal shall no more sacrifice to his belly, provide himself and family *feasts* out of the *fasts* of the Brethren, or *ruines* of our Church. Could this fail, we cannot believe his Majesty by being over gracious, should take away all grace from his Subjects: give them his *Crown* in his *Prerogatives*, his *Sword* in his *Militia*, or *Scepter* in a *negative Voyce*, and lend them occasion, if not in deare, yet ineffect to be

*Regicides*,

*Regicides*, intrust the *baffled Presbyter* to be cheated by his more politique *younger Brother* of *Independency*, and the *Independent* in dividing the spoil one to destroy the other. It is ill trusting of Goods in Thieves hands, in hopes they may fall out. If all is not granted, nothing is granted. Now, now is the time: the *cup* of *abomination* is full, and the *Saints* would be pouring it out upon the Earth, by a *snotty plot*. All *Sects* must again twist into an *association*, make a rope of sand, must do miracles. *Herod* and *Pilate* must be made *friends*, the *Presbyter* who *revil'd*, and the *Independent* who *crucified*, that both may be against *Christ*. *Presbyter* and *Independent* make up the Antichrist, while they pretend to be against him, as if the only way to be *for Christ*, was to be *against* the *Christ* of *the Lord*, our *anointed Soveraign*, and his *Prophets* the *Holy Bishops*. There are many here imprisoned: whether the statute against *Gypsies* lays hold on *them*, or *they* are *committed* for *Witch-craft*, is incertain. Some say they have been alwayes *canting vagrants* in *opinion*; others that they are guilty of *Rebellion*, which is the sin of *Witch-craft*; and we may suspect theirs a sin not unlike to this, which is so incapable of *repentance*: else they could admit nothing so *opposite* to *gratitude*, and *allegiance to his* Majesty, to the late *Act of Oblivion*, to *neighbourly love*, to the *discreet care* of *themselves*, as to embroyl *themselves* in what they are inconcern'd, and so render them *Traytors* to the *King*, *Vipers* to their *native Country*, *forfeit* their *right*, *disoblige* his *Majesty*, *hazard* their *own happiness*, and *instruct* the *world* who were the *contrivers* and *fomenters* of *all* our *ruines*, by a

Covenant

*Covenant* which *obliges* to nothing beside *Repentance*.

No *Ceremony*, no *Bishop*; No *Bishop*, no *King*. *Loyalty* is the *superstition*, and St. *Hier*. Remedy against *Schism*, *Episcopacy*, is the *Disease* which troubles them, who could willingly *admit* as many *Schisms* as *Priests*, by denying a *pre-eminence* to the *Bishop*. And since as S. *Ambrose*, Hæresies cannot arise, but by rendring the *Priesthood* contemptible, except their own *Linsey Wolsey upstarts e face popelli*, *out of the dreggs of the people*, like the *Priests* of the *seditious Iews* in *Iosephus* all they cannot make so, they would render so by *scandal*. All who *disdain* the *phancies* of the *looser times*, and walk not *ungirt* that they may be no longer *unblest*, are intitl'd *men of the cir-cingle*. A *lean Priest* is resembled to a *walking staff* bound about with a *black Ribbon*; his *look* must *prophecy* a *dearth* of the *food of life in the Land*, or his *Quadragesimal face* must foreshow a *strict Lent*, and call to remembrance the *fasts* of the *Church*. A *fat Clergie man* must be one of plump *Bacchus* his *Priests*, and even the Boyes will upbraid him of *improvidence* for trusting so great a *Tun* to the mercy of one *hoop*, viz. A *Canonical belt*. At the sight of a *Red fac'd Person*, they cry out of the *brick* which must build up *Babylon*, declaim against *Antichrist* in his nose; the *Roman Rubrick*, or our *Church Calendar*

Hier. *ad Evag. in Schismatis remedium factum est quod postea unus electus, &c.*

*Nisi exors quædam & ab omnibus eminens potestas Episcopo daretur, tot essent schismata quot sacerdotes.*

St. Amb. *Non aliunde Hæreses exortæ, aut nata Schismata, quam inde, quod sacerdotes non venerantur.*

*leader* must be seen in his *Holy-day face*. It would be well if *Symony* ally'd none to *Antichrist* (which the incomparable Dr. *Hammond* will have to be *Simon Magus*, & happy for this *Nation*, if those (who are falsly aspersed with *superstition*) be not found *real Idolaters*; so St. *Paul* calls *covetous Persons*. Here is a great noise about *Pluralities* and *Non-residence*, amongst the *Non-conformists*; but I fear a more *just complaint* among the *poor Cavaliers*, who have expended BLOOD and FORTUNES in the *Cause* of *Religion*, and yet amidst the *Glories* of the *Clergie*, by their want of *Charity*, can find some not onely making all *Religion vain* towards them, but even amongst themselves, while a *Curate* of no less *parts*, and perhaps more *sufferings* & *loyalty* truckles under, and does *Hackney* work in *Divinity* for an inconsiderable salary, to one who owes a *Mandamus* to *bribes*, or *pretences*, &c. Such a Dr. as *King Iames* upon the like case menaced with the shaving off of his *great Beard*, and sending again to *School* in his *long Coat*, who an *Old man* in *years* was but a *Baby* in *Divinity*, vy'd with his poor *Curate*. Thus our Gracious *Prince* in these HAPPIER REVOLUTIONS hath more cause then his less pious Predecessor *Henry the Eight* had to complain of *old Mumpsimus* and *new Sumpsimus* to a *Parliament*. Few resemble old *Bishop Fisher*, who would rather embrace *poverty* with a poor old wife at *Rochester*, then by an *Exchange*, gain a more *plentiful dowry*. Yet, our scarce to be *parallel'd Thorndike*, by a *Sanhedrim* of *Iews*, a whole *Assembly of Divines*, contents himself with a *Prebends* place: And I lately heard the pious Dr. *Thriscross* praise God for the *attaining*, what

what he called far *above his deserts*, A *stipend* of *fifty pound per annum* at the *Charter-house*.

In the case of the *Clergie* and *Cavality*, reduced to *beggary* by *Loyalty*; we cannot expect less then the fashions o' *Beggars*, *howling noise*, *sores*, and *sufferings*; the least *necessity* attended on by the greatest *pretences*, *Impudence* and *Ignorance*, the old *pass-ports* for *preferment* seldom miss; like some *rapacious* and *counterfeit Beggars* in the dealing of the *dole* of *state* a treble share; while *unserved virtue* silently bewails the *real want* of *merit* in others, and perhaps her own not less *real necessitie* If the *streams* issuing from the *Fountain* of all *Honor* intended to fructifie *Loyalty*, be *perverted*, to *water* the *plants* of *rebellion*, the *fault* is not in the *Fountain*, but in the *perverter*. If *exhalation* are raised which produce *Comets* and *Meteor*, portentuous to *Kingdoms*, or they descend in *Thunder*, *Storms* and *Lightning*, which render a *Land Barren*, instead of those *benigner showrs*, which make all things *fertile*; the fault is not in the *Sun*, but in the *corruption* of our *putred climate*. Our ROYAL SUN doth good to all, *Good and Bad*, *Friend and Enemy*, shines upon *Dunghills* as well as *Gardens*. It can be no wonder, if a *stench* be returned for *beams*, as well as those *Odours* of *virtue*, which may *perfume* the *higher Region* of the *Court*. All things are not patent to his *beams*. Though the *Sun* is intituled to an *all-seeing-eye*, to gratify *our phancies*; we cannot believe all affairs *unobscur'd* to Majesty. *Kings* may be therefore allowed the liberty of *Looking-Glasses*, and even *those* of the *Romish* at the sight of which no one is affrighted; except he resembles

the

the *deformed fellow* in that of *Tom Randolph*, at the ugliness of his own shape. The aspiring *Minion* may be seen in *A Sejanus*; *Conspirators* in *A Catiline*, *Every man in his Humor*, *and every man out of his Humor*, is Personated in *Johnsons* Works; even from the perfumed *Court Gull* to the *City Widgin*. *The zeal of the Land*, brought in for a *Puppet* to adorn *Bartholomew Fair*, may show the *Whimsies* of ours. *Tribulation* & *Ananias* in the *Alchymist* these *Saints*; who had got a *stone* in their *noddles*, which might renew a *Golden Age*, and introduce the *fifth Monarchy* for the *Rule* of such *Utopian Zealots*.

Here are great accusations against *Players*. The old Spirit of *Histriomastix* is conjur'd up, to be *troublesom* and *petulant* against these fellows, who (as some affirm) can represent nothing so *vile*, as what they really are in their own persons. If so, it would not be amiss, while *players* are used as Mr. *Burbie* used *Martial* (who *gelt* him for his *Obscenity*) that *Actors* may be *castrated*, to take away the occasions of *Scandal*. If this *Turkish* mode could not preserve the *chastity* at the one, it might rarely *advantage* the voyces at the other *Theatre*, where some say they are kept base; sure they must owe it to their *Ingenuity*, which bestows no greater *badge* then that of *beggary* on her *Servants*. None can deny them the most *lively Representations*. Else the *Siedge of Rhodes* so frequently seen before our *City Gates*, could not perswade some it must be as long in *acting* here, as before that *City*. Their Neighbours Lord it like those of the *other House*, those former *Pig-wiggins of State*: But with the *Cat* in the *Fable* discover themselves still in their beloved *Beggars bush*, or

*Jovial Crew*, and have the advantage only of *Wit and the Wits with Scenes*, that they can be bold with an *Alchymist* of *Ben*, who can give a *reputation* to the worst of *mettals*, while the worst of his works can excell the whole *Opera* of others. These are the the *quibbles* of some *Dablers* in *wit* or *slight Pretenmen* in *Poesy*.

The *Ladies* (those she *Critiques*, who by relation of *Sex* pretend affinity to the *Muses*) will have their concerns, though their *judgements*, like their *beauties*, is but *skin deep*, and as many *patches* may be required to make up the *defects* of the one, as the *ruins* of the other: unconcern'd in the Players *Girls patches* (which the *Zealots* call *Lusts Idols*, the *spotted Calves* of *Ægypt*, set up in such *Idolatrous houses* to be worshipped) can be troubled to see a *Lady* translated into a *Begger*, and that *Joan* which used to be as good as my *Lady*, in the dark only, a *Lady* now must represent before the eyes of all people, to the *disgrace* of *Mercenary honour*, which cost their Husbands so dear to Courtiers, to *gratify* their *idler humours*.

The *City zeal* flyes high, and taking an *Arise* from the *Pulpit*, will allow *Theaters* only *Nests* of *Prophaneness*, and a *brand* of *Levity* must be affix'd to the *Visitants*. "Men of the same profession are sel-"dom friends. The *pulpit* & *Stage* are in competition. The *Pulpit* pleads *Custome*, two or three *Apprentiships* served, the *Votes* of *two Houses*, and what is most observable, *Bishops* and *Stage Players* were voted down on the same day, that the *Mimic* and *Satyre* might be both confined thither. The *Church* having no *grave Fathers* to reprehend, and the *Muses* wanting

wanting a *Looking Glass* to *represent* their *Vice*, made a whole Land the *Stages* of *Rapine* and *Blood*; The *Tragedies* which came from the *Pulpit* carrying alwayes the most danger. They have spoak their *Prologues*, but we need not fear the silencing of them before they re-act their bloody *Scenes*.

*Good Iosias*, nor *Good Hezekiah* ever went to see *Stage Playes*; belch'd out one of the *Shimeis*, who will not leave *rayling*, nor *throwing stones* against *David*; but let them take heed lest the *Inquisition for blood* find them out, and they *descend not into their Graves with peace*, as the little and contemptible Person *Iohn Iames* (as the *Saints* will have it, *Another Zachaus*) hath climb'd up a *Tree* to see *Christ*. And God grant none of these *Ambitious Fablers*, or *Bable*-builders, may so *climb*, & instead of *seeing a Savior*, or *reaching of heaven break their necks* & *fall down* into a Pit of *Eternal destruction*, & make some neither *dis-ingenious*, nor *dis-loyal*, accuse *Laws* made *ad terrorem Populi*, of *harshness*, while they take hold on such *Ideots* and *Lunaticks* as may be allow'd *favourable constructions* in the most *enormous transgressions* of the *Law*.

The *Presbyter* in his own *defence* can scarce produce a *Council* or *Father*; yet against *stage Playes* may *muster* up an *Army* to fight against this *Bell' and the Dragon* set up in *High places*. But the good minded man, *Histriomastix*, may onely swell himself in a *volume*, to instruct the World, onely he is *mistaken*, as the rest of his brethren, whose *valour* onely proceeds of their *Ignorance*, who (*More Andabitarum pugnant*) fight alwayes blind-fold. *Logomachies*, *Stiamachies*, *Homonymas* and *Circulations*

 are

are befitting such *Champions*, who have nothing beside the *Chymæra's* of their own *vertiginous noddles* to *combate* with. St. *Cyprian*, *Isidore*, *Haymo*, *Anselme* &c. might couple *Players* and *Whores*, *Playhouses* and *Brothels*, as *Tacitus* rankes *Stews* and *Theaters*. *Prosper* truely name them *Mimical uncleannesses*, *Damascen* and *Eusthius* call them *Schools of Lusts*. But sure we have no *Heliogabalus*, who will have *Whores* introduced, not to *Personate* but *really do* the *act of sin* upon the *Stage*. No *Roman Theatre* styled by *Tertullian* the *Temple of Venus*, where *Whoredoms* were priviledged, and *Adulteries* not numbred among *Vices*. No *Gresian Actors* to introduce *swimming Whores* in *Cisterns*, with *Postures*, more *sinfull* then those of *Lust-provoking Aretines* Pictures. We have no *Tragedies* dedicated to *Bacchus*, nor *Comedies* to *Priapus*. *Drunkennesse* and *Lust* are not the only *Ingredients* in *Players*, where instead of *representing* the *follies* of *others*, they *Act* their *own shames*. If *Vice* is introduced, she is attended by *Punishment*. Who could love a *dirt besmear'd Whore* made *black* as her *own guilt*, or be enamor'd of her *naked exposure*, when it is only for the *Beadles Whip*? *Pillory'd Ears* never rendered *Cheating Amiable*, nor a *turn* at *Tyburn* ever made *Villany* counted *precious*. He who *fixes* a *Sermon*, may be *over-taken* at a *Play*, while a *delight* may be translated into a *Sacrifice*.

No *Sempronius Sophus* need give a *Bill of divorce* to his Wife, for visiting *Stage Players*, nor do we want the *Constitutions* of *Justinian* to make it *Lawfull*. St. *Cyprian* need not fear *Virgins* made *Mothers* without *Husbands* &c. The *Fathers* might

write

write Books of *Retractations*; And St. *Cyprian* himself might cry out, as some did of him, *Lactantius*, *Victorinus* and *Hilarius*, *Quanto auro & argento & veste exiit ex Ægypto*? While the *Wine* of *Devils Poesy* becomes the *scourge* of them in their *Members*, lashing them out of their *follies*, inriching *Christianity* with the *Ornaments* of *Ægypt*, which St. *Austin* applyes to *Arts* and *Sciences*; *Heathen Inventions*, but taken from *them*, as *Ægyptian spoyls*, and translated to the use of the *Church*. The *Rich Glutton's care* for his *Brethren*, may not now seem *fruitless*, while the *Grave* makes her returns upon the *Stage*, which his *Alliance* in *Bestiality* may hear, could they neglect *Moses and the Prophets*. Could *Cato* survive, he would not onely *enter to go out*, but *sit and be delighted*; where he might hear more *Wisdom* then he was *intituled to*. The greatest *Philosophers* might rejoyce to find here their *Long dreamed on Elixir*, while *Ben* the onely *true Alchymist Converts* all *Metalls* into *Gold* by the advantage of the *Laboratory*, of whole *brain* the *Wisdom* of *Greece and Rome* the *Riches* of *all Ages* became tributary to ours, and inriched the *English Tongue*. *Playes* of less value then his, have *furnished* out a *Statesman*: his very *scraps gleaned* up by others, have made a competent *stock* of *wit* to drive a *Trade* in *Poetry*, and taught the *Courtly Thing* without the addition of prophaner *Danime's discourse* enough, to make a *Complement*. Had he not been an *Age* from being *understood*, one *Play* of his, might have taught more into *Wit* and *Virtue*, then twenty tedious *Lectures*, (as it was not long ago) who to the eternal dishonour of the *Pulpit*, took

more valuable a *Jewel one*; then most in twenty *Sermons*. impertinent and unnecessary *School Questions* (which King *James* complained of to the *Arch-Bishop*) with some insignificant *scraps* of *Greek* and *Latine* conveyed in, to enrich some *Pulpits*. Inveighed against *Church* and *State*, *Whimsies* about *Antichrist*, the accomplishment of *Brightmans Melancholy Dreams*; and such *stuff* as was to be studyed only in *Bethelem Colledge*; laid siege to others, while *mouth Granado's* were vented to raise *Combustions* in three *Kingdoms*. Neither were the *unpolitick* and *disingenious* discourses of *Religion* better managed (except in the incomparable Bishop *Land*, the *Reverend Hooker*, *Chillingworth*, and some few; as since in the most excellent Dr. *Hammond* Dr. *Sanderson Taylor*, *Barrow*, *Tillotson*, *Wilkins*, *Cudworth*, *Whichcot*, *Worthington*, *Glanvil*, *Stillingfleet*, *Tenison*, *Patrick*, *Lloyd*, *Pierce*, *Bates*, *Howe*, *Baxter*, *Owen*, *Manton*, *Calamy*, *Bull*, *Cave*, *Fowler*, *Scott*, *Whitby*, *Burnet*, *Wake*, *Gibson*, *Beveridge*, *Sharp*, *Kidder*, *Hickes*, *Atterbury*, *Sherlock*, *Smalridge*, *Hoadly*, *Clarke*, *Waterland*, *Sykes*, *Law*, *Berkley*, *Butler*, *Sherlock*, *Secker*, *Seed*, *Foster*, *Leland*, *Chandler*, *Jackson*, *Lardner*, *Sykes*, *Jortin*, *Hurd*, *Balguy*, *Warburton*, *Stebbing*, *Powell*, *Randolph*, *Porteus*, *Halifax*, *Horsley*, *Pretyman*, *Watson*, *Law*, *Paley*, *Tomline*, *Marsh*, *Van Mildert*, *Blomfield*, *Middleton*, *Heber*, *Whately*, *Copleston*, *Kaye*, *Thirlwall*, *Hampden*, *Arnold*, *Hare*, *Blunt*, *Perowne*, *Lightfoot*, *Westcott*, *Hort*, *Ellicott*, *Alford*, *Vaughan*, *Jowett*, *Stanley*, *Wordsworth*, *Moberly*, *Temple*, *Thompson*, *Goulburn*, *Liddon*, *Mansel*, *Lightfoot*, *Ellicott*, *Westcott*, *Hort*, *Alford*, *Vaughan*, *Jowett*, *Stanley*, *Wordsworth*, *Moberly*, *Temple*, *Thompson*, *Goulburn*, *Liddon*, *Mansel*, &c.) These *loose* and *loop hol'd Phancies*, onely served to *multiply Words*, and the *Itch of dispute* proved only instrumental to produce (what the Ingenious Sir *Henry Wooton* would have inscribed on his *Tomb*) *The Scab of the Church*; and thence gave occasion to the *distemperature*, which so many years hath discomposed the *State*. It hath been the unhappy fault of some *Priests*, most *Altors*, and not a few *Poets*, by *evil lives* to have scandalized the *best of Doctrines*. The *Troubles* which poor *Ben* indured for his *Labours* to reclaim *Ignorance* and *Atheism* in *Court*, *City*, *Country*, might have intitled him to a *Stake*, *Martyr*, could he have been guilty of so much *Hypocrisy*, as might have made him capable of the name of a *Saint*. No man can misdoubt him; what every *Poet* calls himself, a *Prophet*, since a fatal experience hath found verified the discoveries in *Sejanus*, *Catiline*, *Volpone*, *Alchemist*, *Epicene*, *Bartholomew Fair*, *Devil is an Ass*, *Staple of News*, *New Inn*, *Magnetick Lady*, *Tale of a Tub*, *Underwoods*, *Masques*, *Entertainments*, *Discoveries*, *Grammar*, *Dedications*, *Execrations*, *Epigrams*, *Forest*, *Timber*, *Epistles*, *Epitaphs*, *Elegies*, *Epithalamions*, *Odes*, *Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Ballads*, *Madrigals*, *Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Ballads*, *Madrigals*, *Sonnets*, *Songs*, *Ballads*, *Madrigals

have proved of greater *Truth* and more *Consequence*, then the *Rhamnusian Notes*, licensed to the *disparagement* and *ruin* of a *Church*, affixed to *Evangelical Revelations*. It is great pitty he should *hear ill* of all, who taught all, who were capable, to *speak* so *well*. This makes me inlarge of him, who, *Homer like*, comprehends all *Poets*, and though some intitle him a *drunken one*, no *vomit* could be so bad as might not be *lick'd* up --- and, even at a third hand, seem excellent to those *Idiots*, who have *Ignorance* and *Impudence* enough to dispise his *works*. If there be any *Play* made up of a *Cupid* and a *Fidle*, or such as our *French Comedians* Act, the *Machines* of *Diana* and *Endimion*, or *Orpheus* descending into *Hell*, according to the description of the pious and chast *Ovid*, in his eleventh Book of his *Metamorphosis*, let them fall into the hand of the *Executioner*, the zealous *Histriomastrix*. I could wish every *Roscius* a *Cicero*; *Poesy* will never want a Sir *Philip Sidney*, and *Ben. Johnson* will be precious to *Ages*, while *Histriomastix* (like the *Flatterers* in *Adrians* time, *fumos punitur fumus vendens*) who vents smoak is punished with it, and serves only to light *Tobacco*.

The *Use* of *Playes* is *lawfull*, but the *Abuse*, like the *Corruptions* of *best things*, proves of worst *Consequence*. I could wish every *Gentleman* would learn his *Calling*, by a *Treatise* so intituled, and written by the sober and learned Pen of an excellent *Prelate*. He who affects *Musick*, may hear it employed in a *Divine Service*, and need not expend his *Money* for the loss of *Time*. If this take not, may the *Elder Brother* (like him in *Fletcher*) traverse

the *Stories* of the *Ancient Heroes*, read over the *Lives* of the *Great* & *Good-men*, *distil* the *sweetness* from the *Poets spring*, and *digest* all into *manners*; and not, like his *Spruce Courtier*, *know* no use of the *Muse*, beside the lighting him from *Taverns*, *Playes* and *Brothels*; or the *benefit* of the *Sun*, except to wear *slashed Doublets*. May no *Fools* be ready to *Sacrifice* on the *Altar* of *Fortune* in a *Shop* of *deceit*; A *Gaming House*. No *Knights* mis-employ their *Swords* (as some report) in that dishonorable piece of Knight *Errantry*, to relieve the distressed *Ladies* of the *Stews*, nor suppose the *Emblem* of *Chevalry* is only to be made use of like a *Scotch Spur*, while *Noble Families* are swallowed up in *Solomons deep Pit* (so he calls a *Whore*) *Rottenness seizing upon Bodies*, *Estates* and *Names* for ever. If the printed *Catalogue* of *Whores*, *Bawds*, *Pimps*, scandalize not our *City*, *Rome* and *Naples*, nay, all *Italy* and *Spain* cannot outvie us for *Brothels*. His pious *Majesty* spoil'd their *Mart* at St. *Iameses*, where *meazled* Swines flesh, and the flesh of such *Asses* was exposed to sale, as from *an Itch* might produce a *Neopolitan Scab*, to indanger a whole *Nation*. Neither could such *Nests* of *Vermine* be tolerated (against his Command) to *snubbify* only for the *Gallows*, if negligent and corrupt Officers did not put in for half sharers with them, in the *hire* of *Iniquity*. I heard his late Majesty tell an Officer, the Old Earl of *Nottingham*, when he heard a Servant swear, swore two or three great Oaths, that if he did so again, he should be *lay'd* by the *Heels*: and how a swearing Earl intreated his Royal Father; every

Pro-

Prophaner of Gods Name might have his Tongue bored through with an hot Iron. Thus this Most Excellent Prince intimated how his Officers, instead of *reforming* others, *instructed Sin* by their *Examples*, and most like the *Earl* of who threw *Squibs*, *Crackers*, and *Wildfire* in his *Oathes*, and broke wiser heads then his own at *Masks*, would be nombred among the *Saints*; yea to the *dishonour* of *God*, his *Royal Master*, and *Himself*, could gratifie the *Devil* with such *mouth Granado's*, as might indanger *Church and State*. Our ROYAL MARTYR, (whose pious foot-steps our *Gracious Soveraign* follows) in a Proclamation before our Army at *Doncaster* used these (or not unlike) words: *If any one cannot leave his Drunkennesse, his Swearing and Prophanesse, we command him to depart our Army, being confident God will bless us with a fewer, if a more Religious number.* Thus, could either example or precept have prevail'd, the *best* of Princes (like him whose foot-steps he followed in the *Red way* of the *Cross*) should not have been Scandaliz'd by our *Pharisees*, for conversing with *Publicans* and *Sinners*; nor could the *People* have been raised up by them against their *King*, to cry, *Crucify him, Crucify him*. The greatest *Victims* which suffered in so *unworthy a way* since our *Saviour*, *for* the *Sins* of a *Prophane*, and *by* the *Sins* of an *Hypocritical Generation*. *Prophanesse* and *Hypocrisy* have been the *twin Devils* who have troubled *Church* and *State*; but the *Devil* when he appears in the shape of an *Angel of Light*, always carryes the most danger. Thus *Lucifer* can draw the *Stars* into a *Conspiracy* against

*God*

God himself; and what he could not arrive to in Heaven, can attain no in Earth by dethroning Gods Vicegerents. But though the Diseases seem as dangerous as ever, and there may be some new, we need not be discouraged, while the Head and Body afford mutual assistance to Master, with Gods blessing (as his Majesty hints) all difficulties. The good Physitians of the House of Commons at the first Consultation struck at the Root, extirpated all the Kings and their own Enemies, while they supplyed him with the Sinews of War, which may give security at home, and reputation abroad. They who adorn their Princes with Crowns and Sceptors of Gold, and deny them it in their Revenue, Crown them only for Scribes, resemble those who put a Crown and Purple on our Saviour, cry Hail King, and intend to Crucifie, and can never want means. A Court will supply a Judas; who having bought a place, rather then want something to sell, will sell his Master.

Weak-sighted Parliaments by unseasonable prying into Sub-beams, the Princes Actions, have made themselves blind and giddy: but here are no prejudiced Physicians to misrepresent Objects, no Asterisk or bloodshot Eyes, which apprehend nothing beside their own Colours; no one so ignorant as to ascribe Eclipses to the Sun, when the defect is in his own weak sights. And though as in all Bodies, some Members are more honourable then others, and some cannot be amputated without scandal in any body, yet (to use his Majesties words) the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons of England met together to consult

for

for the *Peace* and *Safety* of *Church* and *State*, by which *Parliaments* are restored to their *Lustre* and *Integrity*; we cannot doubt any *Member* may be *useless* by not holding a *Correspondence* with the *Head*, or not *Contributing* to the good of the *Body* by which only he may hope for *preservation*. Experience verifying his Gracious Speech, *Who loves not the Head, cannot love the Body politick; and whosoever doth not reverence this Parliament, can have little love for his Majesty.* Here is no danger of *dismembring* by *partial Votes*; rendring *useless* by *Seditious Tumults*. *Reason* will not be *condemned* for an *evil Counsellor*, or a *Loyal Conscience*, called a *malignant Disease in the Heart*, till *desperation* or *want of opportunity* to *depart*, or *fear of certain plunder* must be the only bonds to hold a little *Remnant* together from *dissipation*. No *Venerable* name of *Parliament* is made a *Stale* to *Countenance* pernicious *Councils*, and *acts of a close Committee*. No *Mountebanck* of *State* by *printed Papers* which *canting Tearms* will *cheat* the *Vulgar* of their *Coyn*, and by *unseasonable Purgings*, *Vomitings*, and *Bloud letting*, bring the whole *Body Politick* into an *Atrophy*, or *Consumption*; we need not fear a stranger *Monster*, who can survive the loss of an *Head* of the *constitution* of a *Turkish Sheep*, who *runs all into Rump*.

*How fortunate were our Country-men, could they be brought to understand their own Good!* And it was not a *Misery* intail'd on *Mankind*, to be made *happy* and *blind* at the same time. Some say we have a *Golden Age* already; while *Gold* is the *price of all Things*. An *Ass* mumbling upon *Thistles* thus laden,

laden, hath more *Rhetorick* then all *Cicero's Orations*. Some fear the *Merchants* will all turn *Jews*, since so many *Jews* are turn'd *Merchants*, that the *Old Christian Faith* will scarce pass upon the *Exchange*. The common *City Geese* gaggle, as if there was an *Invasion* of *Gauls*, & the numerous *French* here would destroy the *Capitol*. The *Graziers* bear ill for their *Retinues* of *Purveyors*, and the people cry out like the Antient *English Priests*, *Their Habitations are given to strangers*. Or some are pleased to imagine them as *stupid* as *Herodes Son*, who had 24. Pages to learn him the Letters of the *Alphabet*. They can need no less number of *French Lacquies* to remember them of that *Gibrish*.

But the Ingenious books of Mr. *Roger L'estrange* mind us of *Paganism* while he by his writings so much resembles a *Primitive Christian*, by *Apologies*, *Caveat's*, *Modest pleas*, *Relaps'd Apostates*, as if like a *Father* of the *Church*, he had not only to do with *Heathens*, but *Hereticks*. His books have as much *Salt* as his *Adversaries* want, who by the defect of it, run all into a *Mud*. Yet this *Witty Author* dis-relishes on some *palates*, who to the *Sweet Gobbets* they have taken in, would not admit of any *Sower Sauce*. He is presum'd to be of no *thriving Constitution*, as not *despised* between *Knave* and *Fool*, this *Italian Composition* out of which is made up *Preferment*.

I need not inform you when the *Queen* of *Sweden* first received *Embassadors*, or the *King* of *Poland* went a *Hunting*, for that *his Highness* hath a *Sore Toe*, or a *Great Cardinal* a *Cough*, or how the *Bandits* rob in *Italy*,

*Italy*, or the *Lacquies* in *Paris*. A *Don* is sick in *Spain*, a *Marquess* married in *France*. By the next you may hear of the *Recovery* of the one, or the *Lost* of the *Maiden Fort* by the *Valour* of the *other*, what effects this *Sore Toe* may have on *Christendom*, and what the *Cardinal Coughs* for; But I shall contract (least I may seem *Probationer for the place* of *A States Scavenger*, their *Lakes Reformer*, a *Labour* which might require another *Hercules*. I have gone *beyond my last* already, and may cry out with the unfortunate *Wolf* in the *Fable*, who *gain'd* nothing beside *Stripes*, for his *services*. I am no *Preist*? what need I sing Dirges? no Lawyer, what need I *decide Controversies*, no *Chyrurgeon*; What need I pretend to *pluck out Thorns*? yet, *in the cause of God, the King, and Country* as I heard that incomparable Lady, *Isabel*, late *Countess of Northampton* say) *we must be content to do and suffer any thing*. And in relation to my profession, I may be allow'd to *State* a *Disease* (though not to intermeddle with the diseases of State) and to *prescribe*, should it be (as many of our *Profession* do) without *Knowledge*, (since of all *Diseases*, ignorance is the most *Epidemical*) I may hope to be forgiven, though I can plead no priviledge from my calling; while I render you by a *serious perusal* a true *Patient*. You *Sir* cannot be affected with such *Distastes*, who supply no grosser *Humor* to swell (what K. *James* called) the Kingdoms *Spleen* by an unnecessary *tumor*, occasioning *Leanness* to the whole *Body*; His *Majesty* needs not fear from such *Subjects* (what his Royal Grand-Father did) to be made *King* of *London* only. The Tittle, additional lustre to a Court, not recompen-

sing

sing his *dearness* of *Provision*, the making their own *Honors cheap*, nor the loss of affection of his Subjects in the Countrey: while *Owl* and *Bat* were the only *Countrey House keepers*, and the howling of the Poor at a *Mock* Beggar-Hall, the only *Musick* which attended the *Nativity*. You (Sir) Traffick not in our *Bourse* of *Blasphemy* and *Ir-religion*, take up no *New fashioned Faith* in *Trust* with Clothes, wear no *Mannours* on your *back*; have no *Farm* in your Head, nor turn *A City Alchymist* converting your Countrey *Dirt* into *Gold*, to furnish your pocket for a *Gaming School*; or to offer up to the *fair Calves* of the *Season*; make no *Inclosures* at Home, to fence out the *Poor*, and lay all in *waste* at *London*, till you fall into worse *Ditches* then were digged for the ruin of others: and your *Person* as-well as *Land* may suffer an *Inclosure*.

But I must forbear what is impertinent in respect of your Honoured self, and dangerous in relation to others. *Mad men*, not only menace, but (experiance verifies) often hurt their *Physicians*. And (should a *Cure* be effected on any of those *Lunatics*, who like the *Mad man* living at *A Sea-Port*, could suppose all the Riches of the Harbor his own, the Physician might be only recompensed with curses, by restoring those senses which may give notice of a *Penury*, and hinder the Benefits reaped from a deluded *Imagination*. Yet how unacceptable soever to others, I shall not appear ingrateful to you, who are as far as Virtue, Merit, Relation, Honor, and Love

Sir,

*Your most affectionately devoted*

*Coran, to serve you*

J.C.

Our Author Sr Wm Petty computed yt ye People of France were abt 13 millions & an half: & ye People of Britain & Irel^d & Isles adjacent 9 millions & half; yt in N. Engl^d there were abt 150,000. & yt there & in all or other Plantacions put together were abt half a million, & consequently, ye K. of Engl^ds Subjects are 10 millions ye K of France's, 13 millions & half.

But there's a Deduction to be made from ye Numbers of ye Fr. on acc^o of ye Popish Religious Orders wch are more yn ye No. of Church-men in Engl^d by 250,000.

These must be deducted from ye No. of ye other Inhabit^ts because yey are not only idle but are maintain'd by ye Labor of others.

Neither has France an equal share w^th^ly of Seamen; 4 of w^m^ he reckons equal to 6 husband^m^.

Besides y^e^ comon people of Engl^d^ spend 6 times as much as those of France, & y^e^ Gentry in proportion, so y^t^ 10 millions of English spend as much, & must be equal in Wealth to 12 millions of Fr. This was y^e^ State of y^e^ Nations in Cha y^e^ 2^d^ Reign.

Furthermore Add y^e^ great Numbers of Protestants that have relir'd hem Fr. & y^e^ diminution occasiond by y^e^ late Plague, togeth w^th^ y^e^ great Loss by y^e^ war, whereas Engl^d^ supply'd her Quota's mostly by Foreign Trade that has encreas'd greatly, as appears by y^e^ Bill of Mortality — in 81 & 82 at a Medium y^y^ were 22,331. & 1729 were 29,722 near a 3^d^ more. N. Engl^d^ is near doubled

The Encrease of Wealth is very considerable
as appears from y^e Coinage, which here at a
Medium has been for 30 Years ab^t 300,000
£ an. in Gold, except the last Year or 2.
& in a free State y^e Government can borrow of its Subjects
all its Wealth & bring it into one publick Purse
where y^e Credit^rs will be as secure of their
Property, as if it were in a private hand
but not so in an absolute Govern^mt.